vessel was shortly afterward sold by the Conferentes and became a merchantman watch her. The Kearsarge, however, remained in European waters watching for Confederate cruisers, which were constantly reported as about ready to sail from some foreign p rt. On the 8th of April, 1863, Capt. John A. Winslow assumed command of the chip, relieving Capt. Pickering at Fayal, Azores Islands. During the Winter of 1833, 64 she was occupied in watching the Florida at Brest, France, and in cruising about the English Channel looking for the Rappaharmock.

At la t. on the 14th of June, 1864, the Kearsarge arrived off the port of Cherbourg, France, and found the Alabama in the harbor, and THE DAY OF HER GLORY WAS NIGH AT HAND. The falst which took place on the 19th of June besteen so often and so vividly written up that it would be useless to attempt to de-

scribe it inriher than to give some statistics of As to the size of the ships, they were pretty evenly matched, the Kearsarge being 1,031 tons, and the Alabama 1,016 tons, by the old system of measurement. In speed the Kearsarge had somewhat the advantage. The Kearserse's crew consisted of 163 all told, and the Alabama's of 149. The armament of the

two ships was as follows: Weight of projectiles. No. of gone. 2 11-inch smoothbore Dahlgren guns 1 30-pounder rifle....

... 430 lbs. 7 guns ALABAMA. Weight of projectiles. 6 long 3 :- pounders (52 cwt.) ______ 192 lbs. i00 lbs. 1 100-pounder Blakely rifle... 1 8-inch shell gun...... 360 lbs.

8 guns .. It will thus be seen that the broadside of the Kearsarge was slightly heavier than that of the Alabama, though if the Kearsarge had had only her two 11-inch pivots, the chances would have been in her favor, for they did the work, and literally played havoc with the Alabama, and covered her decks with killed and wounded. The Kearsarge fired 173 shot and shell at the Alabama. The Alabama fired 370 shot and shell, 28 of which struck the Kearsarge. One lodged in her stern-post, but fortunately did not explode, which led Semmes to say that the fate of the battle was decided by the DEFECTS OF A PERCUSSION CAP.

The Kearsarge had 120 fathoms of sheet chain placed on her sides in the wake of her engines as a protection against shot. Semmes did not know of this and complained of it afterwards as a deception. The Alabama's casalties were nine killed and 21 wounded; the Kears rge's, three wounded, one of whom died. The action lasted one hour, when the Alabama hauled down her colors, and in 20 minutes after Commander Raphael Semmes, her com-

mander, and 40 of her officers and crew were picked up by the English yacht Deerhound, at the request of Capt. Winslow, and made their campe to England. Seventy of her officers and crew were picked up by the boats of the Kearsarge; several were picked up by two Preuch pilot boats, and the rest went down

Upon the arrival of the news of the destruction of the Alabama in the United States, there was great rejoicing among all classes, but especially among the merchant kings of the North upon whose commerce she had so long preyed; and ever since the Kearsarge has been a household word among all who love the Union and honor the Navy and the flag which she so deriously battled to maintain.

The tollowing list of the officers and crew of the Kearsurge on June 19, 1864, may recall to the survivors of that gallant band many a forgotten friend, and help to revive memories which time and care so often obliterate from our thoughts.

BOLL OF HONOR.

Officers: Captain, John A. Winslow; Lieut. Communiter, Jas. S. Thoraton; Acting Masters, James R. Wheeler, William M. Stoddard, David H. Summer; Midshipman, Edward E. Preble; Ezra Bartlett, Wm. H. Yeaton; Surgeon, John M. Browne; Paymaster, J. A. Smith; Chief Engineer, Wes. H. Cushman; Assistant Engineers, Wm. H. Badlam, Frederick L. Miller, Henry McConnell, Sidney L. Smith; Boatswain, James C. Walton; Gunner, Franklin A. Graham; Yoeman, Carsten B. de Witt; Captain's Clerk, Seth E. Hartwell; Paymaster's Clerk, Daniel B. Sargent; Paymaster's Steward, Michael Ahern; burgeon's Steward, George A. Tittle. Petty " Beers: Master-at-Arms, Jason N. William Hond; Gunner's Mate, Hugh McPherson; Coranter's Mate, Mark G. Ham; Sailmaker's Mate, Joshua Carey; Armorer, George H. Russeit; Quarter Gunners, John W. Demp- | world like a pack o' old duds. sey, Andrew J. Rowley; Quartermasters, Chas. Butts, William Smith, James Saunders, Wm. B. Poole; Captain of the Forecastle, Jas. Haley; Captains of Tops, Robert Strahn, Edward Wilt; Coxswains, James Wilson, John Hayes, John F. Blekford; Captains of the After Guard, Henry Cook, Francis J. Viannah; Captain of | thet horse knowed it all. the Roll, William Ellis; Officers' Steward. Edward Williams; Captain's Cook, Benjmin S. Scamen: Charles Jones, George E. Read, Benedict Drury, William Giles, Levi W. Nye, James H. Lee, James Bradley, Charles A. Read, William S. Morgan, William Gurney, Joachim Pease, Charles Moore, Edward Wallace, Augus-Hallor n. William Turner, George Baker, Tim- ping around me. othy G. Canty, John Shields, Thomas Alloway, Phillip Weeks, Peter Ludy, George English.

Ordinary Seamen: William Gowin, John Barrow, John Boyle, John C Woodbury, James Magee, Lawrence T. Crowley, Zaran Phillips, George U. Harrison, George Andrew, George A. Whipple, Thomas Buckley, George H. Kinne, Joshua Collins, James McBeath, Charles Matti-

Firemen: Benjamin H. Blaisdell, Joel Blaisdell, George E. Smart, William H. Doupally, John E. Ordion, George W. Remick, Joel L. Sentorn, Jere Young, William Smith, Stephen Smith, John T. Stackpole, William Stapley, Lyman H. Hartford, True W. Priest, Joseph Dugan, James W. Sheffield, Henry Jamisee, John Dwyer, Thomas Salmon, Patrick

Coal-Heavers: Lyman P. Spinney, Charles Dugan, Thomas Marsh, Clement Antoine, Benja

min Button, John Pope, John Briset. Landsmen: Daniel Charten, George Williams, Charles Redding, William D. Chappel, Jacob Barth, John H. McCarthey, James F. Hayes, James Devine, Patrick McKeever, National Ives, Dennis McCarty, James Henson, William M. Smith, William Fisher, George Bailey, Martin Hoyt, William H. Bastine, Charles Itill, William Alsdorf, Jose Dabney, Vantuen Francois, Jonathan Brier, William Barnes.

Boy .: James O. Stone Manuel J. Gallardo. John M. Sonins. Marines: Orderly Serg't Charles T. Young. Corp'ls Austin Quimby and Henry Hobson, Privates Roscoe G. Dolley, Patrick Flood, James Kerrigan, John McAleer, George A.

Raymond, James Tucker, Isaac Thornton, and John G. Balchelder. In the I di of 1864 the Kearsarge returned to the United States via the West Indies, where I let Old Roan out then. I knowed they

she met with the U. S. S. Wachusett and took from her a portion of the crew of the CONFIDERATE STEAMER FLORIDA.

which the Wachusett had just cut out of the harbor of Stahis, Brazil. She arrived at Boston, Mees, on Nov. 7, 1864, and was put out of commission on Nov. 28. Capt. Winslow became the here of the hopr; Congress gave him a vote of thanks, and he was promoted to the rank of Commodore. His Executive Officer, Lieut.-Commander James 2. Thornton, was complimeated by an advancement of 10 numbers on the list of officers of his grade.

To follow the movements of the Kearsarge In detail is all the rest of her services to the Government, up to the present time, would be a labortons undertaking, and would not prove porticularly interesting to the general reader. It may laterest some to know ber cruising stations and the names of her commanders though, and they are given below: April 1, 1805, she went into commission at

Boston, Mass.; made a cruise in European waters, under Commander A. D. Harrell, U. S. N .: returned to Boston, and went out of comand lat ra blockade-runner. This of course mission Aug. 14, 1866. Jan. 16, 1868, she was relieved the necessity of a vessel-of-war to again put into commission at Boston, and made a cruise in the South Pacific Ocean under Commander James S. Thornton, U.S.N., her Executive Officer in the combat with the Alabama; going out of commission at the Mare

Island Navy-yard, Cal. Dec. 8, 1873, she went into commission at Mare Island and made a cruise in Asiatic waters under the following Commanders: D. B. Harmony till March 1, 1875; R. F. R. Lewis till July 29, 1875; F. V. McNair till Jan. 15, 1878, when she went out of commission at Bos-

May 15, 1879, she was commissioned at Boston and made a cruise on the North Atlantic Station under Commander H. F. Picking till May 7, 1880; Commander George B. White till Aug. 16, 1892; Commander Wm. R. Bridgman assumed command Aug. 16, 1882, and on Aug. 20, 1863, having been detached from the North Atlantic Station, the Kearsarge left New York on a European cruise. Commander C. D. Sigsbee assumed command Oct. 20, 1885. She returned to Portsmouth, N. H., and went out of commission Dec. 1, 1886.

Nov. 2, 1888, she went into commission at Portsmouth and has since been attached to the North Atlantic Station, under Commander A. D. Brown till May 15, 1889; Commander E. M. Shepard till Sept. 30, 1889; Commander W. H. Whiting till Nov. 5, 1889; Lieut.-Commander Chas. Belknap till Nov. 18, 1889; Commander Horace Elmer till March 27, 1892, and Commander A. S. Crowninshield, her present commander. She is now one of the squadron of three vessels under Acting Rear-Admiral John G. Walker in Venezuela waters, to protect American interests.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY A Thrilling Experience on an Old Dakota Mail Route.

BY JESSAMINE S. SLAUGHTER.

THE road was about as dreary and uninteresting a one as could be well imagined. A broad, level, yellow expanse of Dakota prairie stretches away on every hand "like a leopard's tawny hide," and broken only to the west by the long, low hills of the Missouri, firm as granite walls. Here and there in a coolee could be seen that singular denizen of the plains-the covote, who broke into a prolonged howl on catching sight of us, and then disappeared in the sage brush. The passengers on the stage were no more

interesting than the road. A fat old woman occupied the back seat, wrapped in the arms of morpheus, as indicated by her snores. The other passenger was a stalwart Norseman, who 'spiks no Anglis," so nothing very entertaining could be expected from him. So I turned my attention to the stage driver. A weather-beaten old scout was he, with eyes as keen and watchful as an Indian's, He had driven on this mail route "in the early days," so I was sure he could tell many a thrilling yet true story of adventure on this line, if he were so inclined. questioned him about the route, praised his horses, etc., until his stern visage relaxed, and he began to talk:

Do ye see that trail a-leadin' down the butte inter th' main road?" pointing to a precipitous bluff that overshadowed the highway. Well, I come down that trail wunst a-horseback, a-makin' th' best time I ever did in m'

"Tell me about it," I said, becoming inter-

"O, this wuz 'way back in th' 70's! Stage drivin' now don't begin to be what it wuz in them days. It took a purty game feller ter drive, then (not that I'm a-braggin' ony on m'self.) but I tell ye it wuz dang'ous work. There wuz Injuns a-plenty, an' worse'n th' Injuns wuz them pesky road agents, who'd as soon put daylight through ye as not fer th' sake what y' carried. There wuzn't but one house tween here an' Fort Buford then, an' thet wuz th' dinner ranch for this here mail route, then a-kept by a feller named McFadden an' his

'Bout six miles 'bove McFadden's wuz a gorge or cut in th' road. It wuz very narrow an' curved right 'round 'tween two steep buttes, an' what with th' chap'ral an' brush a-growin' so thick, an' th' bowlders a-projectin' out from each side, it made it a-kinder ticklish place ter drive through on account o' it bein' sich a good hidin'-place fer ony one w'at wuz disposed ter do mischief. It wuz called Devil's Gulch, an' Acting-Master's Mates, Charles H. Danforth, I tell ye what, 'twas purty well named. The stage driver afore me had bin held up a couple o' times, an' th' last time he passed in his checks in thet same place; so I allus felt kinder narvous when passin' through it, 'spe-

cially if I had a lot o' dust aboard. "Well, this time I wuz a-tellin' ve of, I wuz alone an' hadn't any freight 'ceptin' a box o' pay dirt fer them at the fort. I wuz sure nobody outside of the office knowed anything about it bein' on board, but all th' same couldu't help feelin' ez if somethin' wuz a-goin Watrus; Boatswain's Mates, Thomas Perry, | ter happen. The box wuz a-lyin' at my feet wrapped in an old coat with a couple o' harness straps around it ter make it easier to pack. It didn't look very valuable, lookin' fer all th'

"I drove a good team in them days, a mustang an' a roan, two o' the best horses ever run on this here route. You bet I didn't need no blacksnake ter drive them. The buckskin especially could jest lap over any horse then or thet is now in th' kentry. It jest 'peared ez if

"Well, we wuz a comin' down this very same long grade jest afore we turn down inter th' Davis; Com ers' Cook, Charles Fisher; Ship's gulch, and I wuz a-keepin' my eye peeled, cos I Cook, rimstley Hurley; Nurse, Wm. Y. Evans. | kinder tho't I seed somethin'. I allus before drove a leetle slow through th' gulch on account o' th' curve, but this time I went through a-lickity-split with th' horses on th' jump. It kinder took somebody by surprise, fer th' next minit I heard behind me shouts of 'Whoa up! tus Johnson, Jeremiah Hourigan, William O. Stop there! while their bullets went ping.

Stop? I guess not. I jest let Paddy an old Roan out, and we jest flew! We wuz a-goin' at a purty stiff gait down grade an' I wuz a-gittin' over my scare a-thinkin' twoz Morey, Mirhael Conroy, John E. Brady, James ondly six miles to McFadden's, and that we could make it afore them fellers caught up, when Paddy begin ter slacken his tug an' afore y' could wink drapped dead ez a door-nail. One of them blarsted bullets had struck 'im, but he'd kept a-goin' till he drapped in harness. But there wuz no time fer foolin'. Quick ez I could I cut Old Roan loose, mounted 'im an' buckled that box on behind me, an' away we started with them hounds a-bearin' close arter

"We'd gone a couple o' miles on th' dead lope, an' I could see they wuz a-gaining'. Their horses wuz fresh, an' Roan hed already come his 30 miles, an' I could see he couldn't stand thet pace much longer, though he wuz doing A. Poole, Timothy Lynch, Sylvanus P. Brack- nobly now. One of them road-agents wuz ett, John W. Sanborn, Adoniram Littlefield, a-ridin' a powerful gray thet wuz jest a-walkin' ter let thet feller git within easy pistol range. sod, a-raisin' little puffs o' dust. I turned 'round an' fired. I don't know ter this day horse shied, bucked, an' flung 'im, an come they could reach the fort. a-tearin' arter us, passed us like nothing, an' went a-snortin' down th' road, a-raisin a tremenjous cloud o' dust.

" I wuz jest clean razzle-dazzled for a minut'. I knowed I could not keep ahead o' them fellers much longer on thet road, and hed ter give em th' shake somehow, when I tho't o' a short trail across th' bluffs tor th' ranch. A turn o' th' road hid them fellers from sight, so I dodges up th' coolee a-follerin' this yere trail. Old Roan wuz pretty near beat out, so I went kinder easy till we got back inter th' main road, which we did about half a mile above th' ranch. I looked back wunst au' seed 'em 'still a-comin'. couldn't ketch up, 'cause them long jumps o' his'n wuz a-tellin', but they kept follerin' an' a-firin' jest fer spite. I felt a twinge in my side, an knowed I wuz hit. Ther next turn in th' road we sighted th' ranch, an' they sheered off, arter firing a couple o' farewell shots. Old Roan gave a final bound, an' then drapped. I went over his head, an' didn't know nothin' more fer a couple o' weeks. What become o' them road-agents? O, the viglantes 'rounded up's couple o' them an' strung 'em pp ter a tree in Stray Horse Coolee. As fer me, th' company raised me salary, an' give me a

vote o' thanks. Here we are. Eh? Well, I dou't much keer of I do.

At the Encampment. M. W. Mann, Past Department Commander of Texas, was in Washington last week in attendance upon the National Encampment. Comrade Mann commanded Schwartz's celebrated battery after the promotion of Capt.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Schwarts.

A RIDE TO DEATH.

the Indian Troubles of Tale of

BY WILL LISENBEE.



ARLY in the Summer of 1865, at the close of the 15th Kan. were sent to Fort Larned to | ward. quell an outbreak that had occurred among the savages in the southwestern part of hideous faces. the State. Among frontier fort was a brother of the writer, who was an officer in Co. A. From him I learned the particulars of the tragic epi-

sode of which I shall give a brief account. The Kiowas and Comanches had been causing considerable trouble along the border Counties, but on the arrival of the troops at the fort they suspended hostilities, and for a period of a month no further depredations were committed. At the end of that time, however, they again broke forth, spreading terror and death among the emigrants and freighters along the Arkansas Valley. The outbreak among the savages was discovered by a detachment of troops sent out from Fort Larned, and as soon as the intelligence was brought to the fort immediate preparations were made to begin a campaign against the predatory tribes.

Fort Larned, now abandoned as a military post, was situated in the southwestern part of Kansas, six miles north of the Arkansas River and some five miles west of where the city of Larned now stands. About 40 miles to the northwest was situated Fort Zarah, at which point were garrisoned two companies of the military. As soon as it was discovered that the outbreak had occurred among the Indians the post commander at Larned, recognizing the necessity of immediately communicating the intelligence to the neighboring fort, called for three men to carry this important dispatch to the commander at Fort Zarah.

As the 40 miles of country lying between the two forts was swarming with hostiles all recognized the peril that would attend those who were to carry the dispatches, and the commander called for volunteers. Among those who responded to the call was a young private by the name of Frank Davis, a handsome youth of not over 17, whose deeds of bravery and daring had made him the favorite of his company. He was of spare build, weight about 120 pounds, yet he was possessed of wonderful strength and capable of enduring the greatest fatigue.

That there was not a man in the whole garrison who was more fitted to undertake the perclous journey than he all were fully agreed. for in addition to his qualities as a brave and daring soldier, he was an expert horseman, an excellent shot, and the owner of the best horse in the regiment. His horse was a deep chestnut sorrel, a thoroughbred, and a present to young Davis from an uncle who owned a fine stock-farm near Atchison.

Frank's love for the beautiful and noble horse was marked by all. Often when on the march-when feed and rations were short-Frank had shared his "hardtack," and even his blanket, with Jack,-that was his horse's a friendship, perhaps, as ever existed between Among the many who volunteered to make

two who were selected to accompany him were men of middle age-Merrill and Hawley by stick. name-and among the most fearless and trusted at the fort. But owing to the superior horse into his hands.

they left the fort and galloped away in the direction of Fort Zarah. The three were each army pistols. As soon as they had left the town behind

that might be lurking in their path. Frank | started off. Davis carried neither whip nor spur, for never had he had occasion to use either when mounted flict the slighest punishment upon the noble animal. Although they kept the sharpest lookout in

every direction across the plain, no trace of Indians could be seen. The road from Larned to Zarah ran down the Arkansas Valley parallel Santa Fe Railroad.

Nine miles from Fort Larned the road crosses Ash Creek, a small tributary to the Arkansas and there a dense thicket of plum bushes. The three men had reached the Ash Creek

were startled by the crack of firearms on the opposite side of the creek, followed by the spiteful whiz of bullets about them. The three surprised horsemen had barely time to grasp their slackened bridle-reins when a score of Comanches, mounted upon their war ponies, emerged

that the soldiers were taken completely by so many of them. saddle, pierced to the heart by a Comanche sun, which almost broiled their shoulders.

Frank and Merrill now turned in their sadthat their only hope of escape lay in instant flight, and, giving their horses the rein, they dashed on. Merrill was well mounted, and though his animal was not as swift as Frank's, the two were soon out of range of the Indians'

seeing that they could not overtake the fugi- would have liked very much to have bitten they were greatly mistaken. Although the only was it possible behind the hedge.

rapid gallop much longer.

more miles were passed, and then with a feel- | shower. ing of despair Frank saw his companion's horse drop to a slow canter, and could no longer be urged into a gallop. A half mile further the poor animal sank to the ground with a piteous moan.

The Comanches saw the horse go down, and plain, confident of speedy victory. "Leave me and save yourself," cried Merrill, springing from the fallen steed.

Never!" exclaimed Frank in a firm tone. 'Quick! Mount behind me; Jack can carry us both away from those red devils!" And he half dragged his companion to the back of his horse. Then they sped on. But the momentary halt had given the

savages a slight advantage and they were now again within shooting range of the two soldiers. The crack of guns came from behind; there was a spiteful whiz of bullets in the Summer air, then Merrill uttered a quick, sharp gasp and swayed heavily from side to

"My God! you are shot!" cried Frank. Merrill answered faintly, "I-I am

He would have fallen from the horse had not Frank held himitian on, Jack, son, 2 cried Frank, shaking the

reins, and the horse sped on. The fort was only three miles away now, but with a double load upon his horse Frank Barlow's Position at the Brock Road realized howeslim was their chance of ever reaching it alive. Another mile was passed. and the Indians were slowly gaining. The tops of the barracks at the fort could now be seen, with the Stars and Stripes floating proudly

"Let me go, and save yourself," again entreated Merrill . "II-I cannot last long anyway, and you will only lose your own life in trying to prolong mine a few hours."

"Not while we both have breath will I give up," answered Frank. "We shall both escape the rebellion, three or or fall together!" As he finished speaking four companies of the | Merrill swayed heavily and would have fallen, military belonging to but, still holding him by both arms, Frank leaned forward and urged his noble horse on-

Only a mile now lay between them and the fort, yet the savages pressed on—silently now— with flendish exultation stamped upon their A little troop of soldiers standing in front of those sent to the little | the barracks suddenly had their attention at-

tracted by a little cloud of dust rising out on the plain to the northeast. "A herd of buffalos," said one. An officer brought out his field-glass, and leveled it at the objects causing the dust.

"Indians!" he cried in a startled tone, "and they are pursuing the boys sent to Zarah! Quick, men! Mount and follow me to the rescue! into a state of the wildest excitement. Mon

where they mounted their horses and dashed across the plain. They could now see the two men upon one horse closely pressed by the pursuing Comanches, and with cries of vengeance on the savages they urged their horses down the dusty

men they saw a cloud of smoke rise from the savages' ranks, followed by a faint sound of firearms. Then the horse in advance of them went down with its two riders, and the Comanches quickly closed about them. A moment later the Indians had discovered

But as they drew near the advancing horse-

across the plain as their jaded horses could carry them. When the soldiers reached the spot where the two horsemen had gone down, they found them both lying across the dead body of the

noble horse, Jack, their bodies pierced by Indian bullets and arrows. The sad sight drove the troops into a frenzy, and with cries for vengeance thay dashed on after the flying Comanches to avenge their fallen comrades.

Those who remained to care for the two lifted the fallen men from the body of the horse and bore them tenderly to the fort. Frank was dead, but Merrill was still breathing. He revived sufficiently to recognize and talk to his comrades, but three hours after being taken to the fort he breathed his last. bringing the dead body of Hawley; not one | Corps in marching into the Wilderness via | of the murderous band of Comanches baving | Todd's Tavern.

HORRORS OF A BATTLE.

Description in Zola's Latest Novel of an Engagement in the Franco-Prussian War.

[From Le Debacle (The Downfall).] Some soldiers had already turned back when the Colonel threw himself in their way. "What, my children," he cried, "you will not bring this shame upon me! You are not going to act like cowards! Remember, the One Hundred and Sixth has never retreated, and you name .- and between the two there was as close | would be the first to soil our flag." He pushed forward his horse, barred the way of the fugitives, found words for each man, and spoke of France in a voice in which tears trembled. the dangerous journey to Fort Zarah Frank | Lieut. Rochas was so excited by the scene that was the first to be chosen for the work. The he fell into a desperate rage, lifted his sword and struck the men with it as if it had been a

"You dirty dogs! I'll kick you into the fight. You must obey, or I'll blow out the which Frank rode, the dispatches were given | brains of the first man who turns tail." But this abusive language, and the idea of his sol-It was about 3 o'clock in the evening when diers being forced into fight by kicks was repugnant to the Colonel. "No, no, Lieutenant," he said, "they are all

armed with a Sharpe's rifle and a brace of heavy | going to follow me. Aren't you, my children? You are not going to allow your old Colonel to be the only one to wash the faces of these they kept a sharp lookout for any of the enemy | Prussians. Advance! Forward!" And he

All, in fact, did follow; such effect did he produce by these words, which he spoke like a upon Jack, and he would have scorned to in- brave fellow whom they could not abandon without being contemptible. He himself, alone and in front, pushed quietly over the exposed fields on his large horse, whilst his men scattered themselves about in sharpshooters' formation, and taking advantage of the least shelter. The ground gradually rose, and there was still with the river and about three miles north of a good third of a mile of stubble and mangoldit, and covered the route now occupied by the | wurtzel fields which had to be traversed before

reaching the hill. In place of an assault on the classical model. such as takes place at manuvers with perfect River, which is sparsely timbered with a scant | correctness of line, there were to be seen men growth of sycamore, elm, and ash, and here | with their backs bent who ran almost level with the ground, the soldiers isolated or in little groups, jumping quickly like insects, and gain-Ford and had just reined in their horses for | ing the top by means of agility and ruse. The the purpose of letting them drink, when they batteries of the enemy must have seen them. for the shells plowed the ground so frequently that the detonations did not stop. Five men were killed, and a Lieutenant had his body cut in two.

Maurice and Jean had found a hedge behind which they could run on without being seen. from a clump of plum bushes across the stream | A ball suddenly tore through the temple of one and dashed toward them, yelling and firing as of their comrades, who fell dead at their very feet. They had to push him aside with their So sudden and unexpected was the attack | feet, for the dead no longer counted, there were

surprise. There was no time to defend them- All the horrors of the field of battle could be selves, and with one accord they wheeled their seen there; a wounded man whom they saw borses and dashed back toward the fort, lying shricking and trying to hold back his entrails flat upon their horses' backs to escape the with his two hands; a horse who crawled with shower of arrows and bullets which the foe was | his thighs broken. All this fearful agony did sending after them. But scarcely had they be- not affect them any more, and they suffered gun their flight when Hawley dropped from his only from the torturing heat of the mid-day "O, how thirsty I am!" stammered Mau-

rice. "I feel as if I had soot in my throat. dles and fired as rapidly as possible at the pur- Don't you perceive that scorehing smell, as if suing savages, but they soon realized the fact | wool were being burned?" Jean nodded his

"It smelled like that at Solferino. Perhaps it is the usual smell of war. Let us have a nip. Behind the hedge they stepped quietly for a minute. But the brandy instead of relieving their thirst burned their stomachs, and this They now considered themselves out of taste of burning in their mouth was torturing. danger, and fully believed that the savages, on | They were almost dying of hunger, and they tives, would give up the pursuit, but in this into the half-loaf Maurice had in his knapsack; ously, Lee made the desperate resolve to lead

John W. Young, William Wainwright, John F. away from the others. So I checked old Roan Indians were losing ground at the start, they Other men were continually coming, who were confident of victory in the end. Well | pushed them forward. At last with a bound He didn't wait fer no preliminaries, but kept they knew that in a race of nine miles their they pushed over the last slope. They were of Fredericksburg for Reunion purposes by Maj. ing coal from a mine to his mother's house and a-firing away, the bullets strikin' th' prairie | war ponies were more than a match for 99 out | on the plateau at the foot of the hill, with its | of 100 of the best horses owned by the whites, old cross, worn by the wind and the rain, beand with yells of triumph they dashed on, con- tween two thin lime-trees. "Oh! oh!" cried whether I ever hit him er not. Anyway, his fident of overtaking the two soldiers before Jean. "Good! Here we are. But the difficulty now is to remain here." He was right. Four miles were quickly covered, and now | The place was not particularly agreeable, as as the fugitives glanced backward they could | Lapoulle remarked with a mournful voice, see that the Indians were slowly gaining upon | which set all his comrades laughing. They all them. It was plain to see that Merrill's horse lay down in the stubble, but three men were, was fast failing and could not keep up that nevertheless, soon killed, and then there burst upon them an unchained tempest, the project-Frank was compelled to hold his own horse | iles coming in such numbers from St. Mengers, back in order to keep pace with Merrill's, which | from Fleigneux, and from Givoune, that the | the 24th, cross the Western mountains by the was now panting and covered with foam. Two | earth seemed to smeke as after a tempestuous |

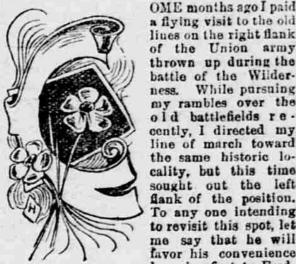
> Secretary Foster Will Not Speak. Secretary of the Treasury Foster had expected to go out tog Ohio and make a few speeches during the mouth of September, but on Saturday, Sept. 17, he advised the Chairwith exultant yells thundered down the dusty | man of the Republican Committee of the State of Ohio that until the cholera situation was changed for the better he would remain in Washington, for fear something might happen which his presence would avert. The Treasury Department has charge of all matters connected with the Government control of the disease, and Secretary Foster said that under present conditions he felt it to be his duty to remain

> in Washington. Presentation to Gen. Raum. John Lowe, a member of Co. I, 48th Ill., and wife, residents of Johnsonville, Ill., were in attendance on the National Eccampment. Comrade Lowe's regiment formed part of the old Fifteenth Corps, and he brought a pet coon with Turning quickly, Frank caught him and him, which he presented to Gen. Green B. held him in his place, and as he did so he saw a stream of blood issuing from his comrade's mittee of the Fifteenth Corps and the Army of the Tennessee. Gen. Raum was much pleased with the gift, and after exhibiting the animal

at the Headquarters of the Fifteenth Corps,

had him taken to his residence.

and Hancock's and Longstreet's Position on the Plank Road Revisited.



a flying visit to the old lines on the right flank of the Union army thrown up during the battle of the Wilderness. While pursuing my rambles over the old battlefields recently, I directed my line of march toward the same historic locality, but this time sought out the left flank of the position. To any one intending to revisit this spot, let me say that he will favor his convenience by going first to Fred-

ericksburg, from which a narrow-gage railroad has been constructed The whole garrison were instantly thrown to Orange Courthouse, which skirts the field for fore 3, giving nearly four hours to ramble over the works and through the woods.

My ride thither is not devoid of interest. One short coach holds all the passengers, with room to spare. This particular morning there are 18 on board. Black and white are indiscriminately commingled. Nobody in Virginia is off-color in the cars, nor do the management think it worth while to run a "Jim Crow car." Equal civil rights seems to be the rule so far as narrow-gage passengers who are still averse to riding in the same car with members of the colored persuasion, seek a Pullman car; but the approaching troops, and fled as rapidly these are not numerous, for the new Southerner is getting to be thrifty, and is looking more carefully after the dollars than did his sire.

more than seven miles we have ridden without of the American war?" house in sight. "Alrich. F'b'g 10 miles," is the inscription borne by another station. The | yearning to hear news from home. stations, bear in mind, are only sign-boards, it being thought hardly worth while to provide shelter for the one or two passengers or less who assemble to wait for the train. Alrichor Aldrich, as we knew it-calls up visions of who traversed this thoroughfare when bent on routing our right flank at Chancellorsville; and "Furnace," another station, is a reminder An hour after nightfall the troops returned, of the route pursued by Hancock's Second

> ing here I find on inquiry at a store near by that it is but a half-mile to the lines. My first quest is to find where my battery was posted. I have not far to look. Two houses, inhabited by two families, Trigg and Stephens, occupied a clearing overlooking a valley through which had some time run a railroad. Near these houses the battery was located and there had a little brush with a rebel battery May 6. On inquiring of a man at the stere the location of these houses, he said that they were still standing; that his name was Stephens; that he was the son of the man who lived there now, and would be pleased to go | to the steamer." over the lines with me.

On reaching his house I readily identified the spot and found the lunets constructed by the company in a contiguous plowed field where at that time stood a negro cabin. The cabin has disappeared but the line of works of sulky of Mr. Stephens I ride out on to the Brock road, over which Hancock advanced to reinforce Getty on the afternoon of Thursday, May 5. The earthwork which the Second Corps constructed along this highway is still visible, though much disintegrated in places. On some portions parts of the head-logs which ran along the top of the works are still in position, but no clearing appears any where-woods, woods on all sides. Just before debouching from the Brock on to the Plank road my attention is called to a stake driven by the roadside and a stone placed near it. Some months ago a party of three or four gentlemen, including one by the name of Hayes, came down here. and after spending some time in carefully looking about the vicinity decided that Gen. Alexander Hayes, then of the Second Corps, fell is driven. Here, I am informed, it is intended | Capital, his face brightened. some time to erect a monument to the memory

of this gallant soldier. But here we are at the Plank road, and turning into it we proceed toward the enemy's old line. What a perfect flood of memories come rolling in upon me, and what pictures the imagination constructs as I pass slowly along that | to have a pension, then?" historic thoroughfare. Hancock the Superb, with his gallant hosts pressing irresistibly forward along this road, his line at rightangles with it. Here a section of Dow's four children to take keer uv and nary woman 6th Me. battery dealt out solid blows the first | livin' nearer than two mile. That's purty hard, afternoon, shedding its own blood and exacting | ain't it?" blood freely till withdrawn, "Down in there," said my companion, pointing along a depression in the woods at the right, "the slaughter was terrible." Anon we come to the main rebel line of intrenchments. It is very strong toand must originally have been of twice the

thickness. Proceeding perhaps a quarter of a mile furthe first. Small wonder that the Johnnies, after their last demonstration on Friday, the

occurred during the war. Not far to the rear of the second line of works a show?' we come to a small park on the right, a clearing of perhaps an acre, in the center of which a small bowlder has been placed. This bowlder marks the spot near which Gen. Longstreet | the case and he might declare a dividend on was wounded. It was also in this vicinity that, | it. when Hancock was pressing things so vigorhis hosts in person; a resolve which his men has been presented to the Memorial Association | Gould, a 10-year old boy. He had been carry-Lacy now lives on the Wilderness pike, near very genial gentleman to meet.-B., Boston.

Weather Forecasts.

Copyrighted 1892, by W. T. Foster, St. Joseph, Mo.] wave to cross the continent from 19th to 23d. | THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. and the next will reach the Pacific Coast about close of the 25th, the great Central Valleys from the 26th to 28th, and the Eastern States about the 29th.

a large portion of the country, and following it destructive frosts will occur in many of the Northern States. The cool wave will cross the Western mountains about the 27th, the great Central Valleys about the 29th, and the Eastern States about Oct. 1.

> Scrofula In the Neck.

The following is from Mrs. Mayor of Mckeesport, J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the "My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years

igo had a scrofula bunch

ander one ear which the Willie Tillbrook. doctor lanced and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore healed up. His cure is due to HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them, 250,



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"LINCOLN IS KILLED." A Striking Incident in Midocean After the Presidential Assassination. [St. Nicholas.]

Early one morning the Mate was startled by the cry from sloft, "Black smoke ahead, sir! A big steamer standing to the southward." The Captain was called and in a trice bounced on deck, where applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had pushed so suddenly out of the early mist hanging low upon the horizon. Whatever her character, we had but little chance of escape if she had rifled guns. Many

the somber hull and pair of sloping smokestacks with the twirling smoke trending far asteru. "Show him our colors, sir! Bend on the ensign; we may as well be banged for a sheep as a portion of the distance. The train leaves in a lamb. If that fellow is a rebel the sooner we ran by dozens and by scores for the stables, the morning about 8, and gets back to town be- know it the better!" exclaimed the Captain somewhat excitedly to the Mate.

a glance of apprehension was directed toward

It was close upon six bells (7 o'clock) when the steamer revealed her nationality. We fairly yelled when the blood-red cross of St. George danced up aloft from the steamer's signal yards. She was evidently a troopship bound for the Cape, a trifle out of her course,

but we did not stop to consider that. She was too far distant to speak, but, in obedience to a gesture from the Captain, the traveling goes. On the broad-gage roads the Mate emptied a bag of gaily-colored signals on the deck, and the boys were called aft to man the halyards and lend a hand to bend on the magic flags. Upward fluttered the parti-colored bits of bunting, glasses were leveled and breathless expectancy marked the sunburnt features of the clipper's crew; for the inquiry flying "Robey's" is the first station reached. For from our mizzen-royal-mast was, "What news

seeing a house. All is wilderness. Later, Screamerville is reached. "A long name and peller greeted our strained vision, the great a small place," the conductor explains. Nota steamer glided onward, but no responsive signals gladdened the auxious hearts of those

Stonewall Jackson and his fleet-footed hosts | Mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?" "He is coming about," shouted the Captain, his bronzed features fairly paling. "Can it be possible he has played us a trick and is the

Alabama? Stand by, all hands, for "-

A deep blast of the steam-whistle rumbled over the flashing waters, followed by a number ward; then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side. Glasses were directed upon that bright patch amidships, upon which dark lines could be dis-

cerned with the naked eye. The glass showed these were letters. "I have it!" shouted the Captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging. "Spread the news fore and aft! It says: 'The American conflict

is over. Davis a fugitive '-and what's that? Heavens, no-yes-'Lincoln is killed.'" "Strike the colors half-mast, sir," continued the Captain to the Mate in a subdued tone. occupied the house during the fight; that he Then be added: "Hoist the signal 'Thank you'

At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the well-known strains of "Hail Columbia" were faintly heard. The steamer slowly fell off and resumed her course, while, as if actuawhich the battery's formed a part are in a very | ed by one impulse, officers and men sprang good state of preservation. Getting into the into the weather rigging, giving three times three and waving their bats in return for the kindness of the courteous Englishmen. The Stars and Stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, the "meteor flag" slowly and majestically returned the salute and the greeting in midocean was over. "The Commander of that craft is a gentleman-every inch of him," was the admiring

> the fast-fading troopship. A Case for Gen. Raum.

remark of the Mate as he glanced astern at

[Detroit Free Press.] He got on a C. & O. train at a little station in the West Virginia Mountains and had with him such an air of dejection and wobegoneness that a kind passenger from Washington sought to draw him out of himself. When he had dismortally wounded very near where the stake covered that his sympathizer was from the

"What do you reckon's my chances for gittin' a pension?" he inquired. "Were you in the army?" "No; wasn't old enough till the last ye'r, an' then didn't think it was necessary."

"On what ground do you think you ought "Well, you see, it's this way, stranger," and he became very confidential. "I told you a while ago my wife died last year, leaving me

The sympathizer nodded assent. "Well, my wife was Mary Honley, and Mary wuz goin' to marry Jim Long, him that got his arm shot off soldierin', an' every night her an' Jim uster hang on the front gate an' go day, much stronger than the old Union line, | trapesin' up an' down the road talkin' an' me watchin' 'em from my front door, an' tellin' Mary next day she'd ketch her death uv cold if she didn't mind. But she only ther we come to a second line, not as strong as | laughed at me for my pains, an' one day Jim he ups an' marries another gal, an' Mary was throwed back onto me. Bimeby she got on 6th, withdrew to their lines and invited an her feet ag'in, an we got married. 'Twas jest ez attack. Who that was in the battle can ever I told her, she ketched cold them nights out forget that musketry-without a parallel in thar bareheaded with Jim, an it settled on her the history of the war. And then the horrors chist an she kep' gittin' weaker an' weaker, indescribable arising from the burning of the | an' at last she had to give up, leavin' me an' woods, whereby hundreds of brave fellows who the four children to take care of ourhad fallen wounded and helpless, perished selves. Now it 'pears to me that Jim Long miserably. Nor more heart-rending spectacle | wuz to blame for the whole business an' l ought to git a pension. Do you think I've got

> The sympathizer had his doubts, but he promised the woebegone passenger that he would let a Washington pension lawyer take

A Flendish Act.

A most fiendish act was committed at Unionwould not permit him to carry out. The park town, Pa, on the 16th instant by George Lacy, the former owner and occupant of the his mother offered to send his little sister Lacy House, opposite Fredericksburg. Maj. Grace, 6 years old, to help him. He said that if she came he would burn her up, and true to the site of the old Wilderness Tavern, and is a his word when she came to help him he set her aftie with a pit lamp and stood by watching her until she was burned to death.

If you want to buy a buggy, wagon, harness or anything else in the line of horse equip-My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm | ments you can save money by ordering from

Suggestions for a Summer Trip. If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low-rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada, via the Northern Pacific Railroad, to Yellowstone Rains from this disturbance will extend over | National Park, Pacific Coast and Alaska. The trip is made with the highest degree of com fort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carry dining-ears and loxurious Pullman siseping-cars from Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, to Montana and the Pacific Coast, without change, and special Pullman sleepers from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone

> The scenery en route is the most magnificent to be found in the seven States through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow eachiother in rapid succession to delight the tourist, who will also find interest in the agricultural mining, lumbering, industrial and other interests associated with the devel-opment of the great Northwest The crowning glory of the trip through the Northwest, however, is the visit to Yellowstone

> Park, the land of hot springs, geysers, and gorge-ous canyons, and to Alaska, with its endiess ocean hannels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and iant glaciers. If you wish to investigate this suggestion further, send to Charles S. Fee, General Passengar Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., for copies of the hand-somely-illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellow-

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"Look at that!" suddeuly exclaimed the Mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?"

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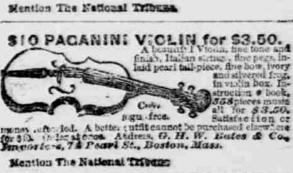
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